

# MEASURE



SPRING

1941

# MEASURE

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY

SPRING

1941

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE

COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA

# MEASURE

(All Catholic Rating, 1939-40)

## EDITOR

Stephen Theodosius, '42

Edward G. Ancel, '41

## ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Art Editor, Charles J. Peitz, Jr., '41

William Peitz, '42

## ASSISTANT EDITORS

Francis Kinney, '43

Robert Causland, '43

Richard Haffner, '43

Herbert Vilim, '41

## FACULTY ADVISERS

Rev. Paul F. Speckbaugh, C.P.P.S.

Rev. Sylvester H. Ley, C.P.P.S.

---

---

Volume IV

SPRING, 1941

No. 3

---

---

## CONTENTS

Marry the Catholic Girl	RICHARD SCHEIBER '41	107
On Having a Vacation	RICHARD ARTHUR H. S. '41	113
March Sunset	WILLIAM MEIRING '44	116
Whither Education	JOHN FORD '44	117
Making Notes	CHARLES SIMMS '41	120
Women From Shakespeare	<i>Drawn by</i> CHARLES J. PEITZ, JR. '41	121
Cleopatra		123
Cressida		125
Juliet		127
Chemotherapy	PAUL LE SAGE '41	128
Two Sketches	G. RICHARD SCHREIBER '44	132
Everything Counts	PAUL STENZ '43	137
Editorial:		
Death	STEVEN D. THEODOSIS '42	142
Book Reviews:		
<i>The Grace of Guadalupe</i>	JAMES McNAUGHTON '41	144
<i>Moscow 1979</i>	ROBERT CAUSLAND '43	144
<i>Random Harvest</i>	J. B. VURPILLAT III '43	146
Exchanges	FRANCIS L. KINNEY '43	148
Critical Notes	THE REV. PAUL F. SPECKBAUGH, C.P.P.S.	151

# Marry The Catholic Girl

RICHARD SCHEIBER

*No parrying, no dodging, no quarter, here! Mr. Scheiber wields his blade skillfully and so thrusts home. His clarity is telling, his sincerity is unmistakable. A like earnestness on the part of the reader will make the article valuable and very interesting.*

Among the Chinese marriage enjoys unique treatment, and, as a result, few oriental social evils come from the connubial joining of man and wife. When the young maiden has arrived at her fifteenth year, the father goes abroad in quest of her man. He strikes a mutual bargain with another father, and thus boy meets girl, old shoes, and the strains of Lohengrin simultaneously. Chinese marriages are successful not simply because of the inferiority of women in society. That she must always serve man and never rule or deceive him is as primary to the Chinese as learning the Hail Mary.

In the United States, however, youth and womanhood are governed by no such coercion. An age of early incomes and automobiles has thrown them considerably on their own, particularly in choosing life partners. Axiomatic by this time is the tendency of modern youth to lapse into a spirit of daring and chance-taking, especially when given too lenient a hand from his elders. Thinking of today's young people unconsciously brings the notion of restlessness to mind. This, it seems, they must sate by conjuring up new ways of doing things—new dance steps, new slang expressions, new crushes, new and radical clothes styles, and so on.

But by all odds the most disastrous mal-invention of a "novel" and "progressive" era is the divorce mill. What God hath joined together is being more consistently put asunder now than ever before, nor does there seem to be a working panacea in sight. And confronting the loyal believers of all creeds has come another serious evil—mixed marriages, wherein the life contract is entered into between people of different religions. The general failure of mixed marriages has been evident from the very outset. Yet with each new case comes the inevitable bromide, "Ours will be the exception." Man's supposedly saner way of living has softened him. His judgment vacillates like the winds. He is decreasing his vigilance. Of all the existing lamentable conditions, nothing weighs so heavily upon the shoulders of the parish priest than when his sheep are lured into marriage with those of another fold.

Here, then, is our thesis—that, in these troubled times, the very foun-



dation of our way of living is suffering. This foundation of society is the home. Peaceful, religiously unified homes are seldom if ever the scenes of violence and hatred. If Catholic homes are to remain intact, then let us be mindful of the force which can turn a nest of cooing doves into a bloody battleground of fanged eagles. Such can be the result of a mixed marriage.

Let us retrace for a moment. Before the advent of the present, industrial, mechanized way of living, this country's citizens led a clannish life. It was perfect in its simplicity. Men had to work long hours, while their women managed the home, undisturbed by ranting Margaret Sangers and Carrie Nations yet to come. When the gay lads and their ladies danced fifty years ago, they danced not a mile from their homes, generally at an affair which was privately sponsored. They never visited faraway spots on a week-day evening, if at all. The time of America's other generations was full and well spent, for it was totally devoid of washing machines, electric sweepers, canned foods, and other of the modern wife-savers.

Socially speaking, young people's activities of yesteryear rarely extended beyond the parish or private functions. The home and the church were inevitably the background for nineteenth century courting. The Lutherans had their own group, and they married those of their own kind. So it was with the Baptists, the Episcopalians, and the Catholics. These groups never intermingled to the extent that intimacies developed. A mixed marriage was a notorious thing a half-century ago—something the town wives hushed among themselves. Life in the old days was normal and regulated. There was no restless desire for the thrilling and the novel, for it was evaporated in the long working day and the clearing away of the wilderness—of building railroads and widening the frontier. Just to live such a seething, virile life was excitement enough.

How different is the modern scene. Today it has become a whirlwind kaleidoscope characterized by eighty miles an hour and tip-toeing in at 2 a. m. This is the halcyon era of paved highways and fast cars, with youth hot on the trail of a new thrill after working all day as stenographers, clerks, or factory hands. It is an age of impulse, of novelty, of nerves and psychoanalysis, of getting away from it all.

And with all of this has come the tearing away from the simple, bountiful hearth at home and in the church. The days are gone when John courted Mary in her parlor with the added handicap of family surveillance. With this surge of mechanical progress has come a gradual relinquishing of charity. And when charity left, hatred was born. And out of hatred and inordinate desires has come our age of warfare and strife.

Nowadays the peregrinations of young people lead them into mixed religious groups. Catholics go abroad to state universities. They belong to riding academies and to the country clubs. In every way their con-

tacts have become broadened to include those of other religious beliefs or no creed at all. This condition has its results. It is true to such an extent that whether or not the new girl friend is a Catholic is lost in a welter of worldly qualifications. How does she dance? Can she golf in the eighties? Will she ask me to the sorority hop? These are the preferred criterions! Youth in this country, according to army physicians, is two inches taller and fifteen pounds heavier on the average than his father who fought in World War I. But the physical tests hide the instability of brain matter, which, in youth's case, is turned so often by his own dizzy pace. He forgets that he can't judge his future wife in the romantic glow of a dim taper at a house party. He is ever susceptible to the fancy feathers. Long bobs, nail polish and a girl doing the "conga" intrigue him beyond reason. If he does marry the non-Catholic girl, nine times out of ten he will tell you that their case will be different. "Eve and I will settle these religious differences intelligently," he brags—but he says it a little uneasily every time. He should know more of Shakespeare, who said "A light wife doth make a heavy husband."

If these Catholic young men could but remember. For them to marry a girl for her dancing qualities is fine, especially if he is going into vaudeville. But the average modern would fare better should he follow Goldsmith, who said "I choose my wife as she did her wedding gown, for qualities that would wear well."

The Catholic Church shows her disapproval of mixed marriages in several ways. She forbids a church wedding and the nuptial blessing. Mixed marriages are always such curt, drab affairs. The parsonage must always be their setting. Before the mixed marriage dispensation can be granted, the non-Catholic party must agree solemnly not to interfere with the Catholic in the practice of his faith; and to participate actively in the Catholic Baptism and pious upbringing of the children. The Church also stipulates that a period of instruction be given the non-Catholics before the marriage. These are strong tactics, perhaps, but they are founded in the all-seeing wisdom that comes from centuries of dealing with human relations. Such an unassailable stand works a hardship on both the Catholic and his new partner as well, but the Church is judicious, not intolerant in her view. Certainly it is no petty foible on the Church's part that prompts her to disallow the reading of the bans for mixed marriages, or for reducing her priests to the mere status of an authorized official and witness to a mixed marriage!

The Church knows of the difficulty of raising children of mixed marriages as good Catholics. Statistics show that approximately half of the offspring of these unions have fallen away from the Church before they are twenty-one. There are other disadvantages. Chances for family discord are rife in homes not founded upon religious unity. Just as the Holy Wars of religion and the Crusades of seven hundred years ago were the bloodiest in history, that violent can be a dispute between husband



and wife over the other's religious "prejudices." A third shortcoming of the mixed marriage invokes a special hardship upon the Catholic involved. If the matrimonial venture fails, the non-Catholic can readily secure a divorce and is free to marry again. The bereft Catholic, on the other hand, must remain single until the freed one dies.

Together with the above, mixed marriages offer so many subtle differences which are not primarily evident. These are liable to creep in through reading and the movies, for instance, with the list of censored books and the Legion of Decency being totally ignored by the non-Catholic. There could easily arise an argument on the necessity of double taxation, by which the Catholic must support both his own and the public schools. Soon there will be children, and as they grow older, who shall answer their earnest queries as to "Why, Daddie, must we go to Church when Mummie doesn't go at all?" Little wonder that half of these children fall away, with the brilliantly contradictory example set for them at home. How reminiscent are the mixed marriage pitfalls of days when love was foolish and unplanned—when both the man and the woman fell completely over themselves in their haste to assure the parish priest, "Oh, yes, Father, this marriage will be different!" Married in haste, they shall repent at leisure.

There are still additional hardships working upon the Catholic. Through life it is expected that his faith should grow more fervent. The constant presence of one at home who does not share his belief could hardly be a positive element toward his salvation. He is more liable to become sickened by religion and the troubles religious differences has laid at his hearth. But if his faith endures through all the years of his mixed marriage, will the non-Catholic wife fully realize the vital necessity of the presence of the priest at the bedside of her dying husband? Adamant to the faith all her life, will she suddenly shed her bias and ignorance? Could she grasp the full meaning of Extreme Unction and Holy Viaticum?

Such are the negative aspects of mixed marriage. Among her reasons pertaining to cases wherein she condones these unions, the Church lists these four generally rare situations:

(1) "*Augustia loci*," or narrowness of the place. This applies to civilization so sparse that marriage between two Catholics is impossible.

(2) "*Super adulta*," which holds most often in the case of a woman growing old with less likelihood of finding a husband.

(3) "*Pregnantia*," or pregnancy, in which case the Church allows a mixed marriage to legitimize the oncoming child.

(4) "*Periculum*," or the danger of a marriage by the Justice of the Peace or another agent should the Catholic marriage be refused.

The above is inserted here to show how many modern mixed marriages are based on reasons other than those above. Why some Catholics must go beyond the bonds of their religion to choose their life partners has

always presented a considerable problem. In the eyes of young men—this by way of offering a solution—there has always been an aura of romantic mystery surrounding the unknown non-Catholic girl. On the other hand, something seems to enter into the twelve years of going through grade and high school with the same group of Catholic girls that seems to lessen them in the eyes of some as green pastures for dating.

To offset the above, then, Catholic young men can resort to a number of ways of meeting new Catholic girls. The increasing cooperation of the Catholic Youth Organization—whether through debates, plays or dances—is a boon for the modern situation. High spirited Cisca meetings are invaluable in bringing the Catholic young man and woman together. Then there is the work of the Catholic School Press Association, the Catholic Students Mission Crusade, plus the newly organized National Federation of Catholic College Students—all of which are witness to the peace and harmony that result whenever Catholics pull together. There is the case of the two Catholic colleges in Atchison, Kansas. The news item that between students of these two schools some thirty-odd weddings have sprung from the seeds sown in inter-campus activities during the last fifteen years, is encouraging.

By the same token, all too seldom-mentioned, have been the fine qualities of the Catholic girl, and how desirability is the first word attendant upon the marrying of her. For when the tulle has been put away and the orange blossoms are withering in the family Bible—when the honeymoon is over—then comes the stark basic reality of marriage. Thus ends the romance, and begins the history, a time when the Catholic girl comes into her own. Then these two aims of the Church regarding marriage should assert themselves:

- (1) The upbringing of Catholic children, and
- (2) The allaying of concupiscence and the fostering of mutual love.

Who but a Catholic girl could grasp the reality of all this?

For the fiery trials of this life man needs a faithful and constant help-mate. He needs a woman who is tender normally, but who can rise to pressing occasions—one whose strength can bolster his own against the bitter blasts of their journey through their earthly existence. Beneath the flurry and storm of the years to come there must be a solid basis for love. There must be the Catholic faith and confidence of both parties. How much more logical it is to marry the girl whose education and upbringing is grounded in the same Catholic principles!

Marriage with the Catholic girl is one of the most sublime visitations that can befall man. First of all is the reassuring satisfaction that both parties are adhering to the Divine Will, with all the extra graces resulting therefrom. So many possible battlegrounds are avoided. When the children come, they will grow to enjoy the delight of saying their prayers at Mother's knee. Their home shall not be strangely devoid of holy pictures. The parish priest will not be hesitant about paying his regular



visit because "John's wife is not a Catholic." So many of these things which eventually develop into issues with a mixed marriage, are settled easily and life at home courses blissfully on.

So, gentlemen, remember the words of your wise counselors down through the years; be mindful of the seasoned advice of the Church; be a man of peaceful conscience—and marry the Catholic girl!

# On Having A Vacation

RICHARD ARTHUR

*The tribulations of life are multitudinous; that of vacationing is one of them. Sometimes the complications are no greater than that of a snarled fishing line or a wind-blown road-map. Sometimes they are much greater—but then you must learn that for yourselves.*

"What'd you do last vacation?" I'm asked at various intervals. Usually I have to reply something like: "Oh, I just loafed around Dad's law office," or "Didn't do much of anything as a matter of fact." These answers are, however, rather embarrassing when the inquirer comes back with "I went up to Canada and spent a couple of months in the North Woods," or "My folks and I went to California and took in Hollywood, Frisco, and all the other high spots both coming and going."

Undoubtedly there must be a way of having vacations that will at least be equals with Canada, California, and all the other places that people go to. But as yet I have to find the solution to the problem.

"That's easy," you inform me. "All you have to do is say to the folks, 'We're going to Florida this month,' and with a little persuasion they'll go."

In my opinion that's much easier said than done. For instance, two or three years ago all I wanted to do during my vacation was have a general good time of just eating and sleeping; I didn't even want to go anyplace. But what happened? I'll tell you.

That year in school had been a hard one. After all, seven subjects for which to prepare had not left me much time for recreation. Because of this, I had determined to do nothing but eat and sleep with maybe a little reading on the side. "The spirit indeed was willing—

"—but the flesh was weak." I no sooner got home than I discovered that the family had joined a literary club, and was receiving a best seller each month. And four or five of these were already stacked in a book case where I could see them. Well, to make a long story short, I didn't want to sleep or eat until those books were read. So the first week of my vacation I spent in reading.

Then complications set in. First of all, my brother, whose time at home was spent in pulling weeds, running a lawn-mower, and in other chores about the house, decided to go to a Boy Scout camp for the summer. Naturally, after that I pulled the weeds, cut the grass, and performed all the other tasks about the house and yard. But this wasn't

as bad as it appears, for with a little practice I found I could read and push a lawn mower at the same time, thus accomplishing two things at once. (I might remark here that I am convinced that my brother went to camp because I put the majority of some ten or twelve of *his* cats out of *our* misery.)

I still hadn't had the chance to recuperate from the heavy year at school, so I soliloquized a little, and decided that the one way to halt the performance of such menial tasks was to start taking the dog out for a walk, and accidentally turning the walk into a nap.

That system worked fine for about three days. Then Dad decided that our car was pretty old, even though we had had it but a year and a half, and nothing would do but that he buy a new one. Now I was at that age when I *could* drive but *might not*. Therefore I had to think up some way to get Dad to let me drive that new car, state law or no state law. I soon found out that if I undertook the washing and polishing of the car, I would be permitted to move it from where it happened to be to whatever place was the most convenient for me to wash it in, and then move it back again when I was done. As my nature is to be rather choosy, I did move the mileage speedometer around quite a bit. And all went well—for about two weeks.

I had always liked our postman up to then. But when he brought me those two letters that was the last straw. The first one I opened was a letter from the Dean of Studies' office containing nothing less than my final grades. As I was slipping that into the paper basket, my Mother called to see if my grades had come yet, so what could I do? The second missive proved to be an invitation from a friend of mine to come visit him for a week or so. Of course, I went. But I didn't know the town he lived in as well as I know the town that I live in. Nothing would suffice, therefore, but that I see his town, and also a couple of neighboring towns. So I went home feeling more like Dad after a business trip than ever before.

I arrived home in time to see Mother go to the hospital with pneumonia. Now don't get me wrong. I didn't begrudge her at all the swimming, picnicking, and other similar items on our list of vacation activities that would have to be postponed. In fact, I was rather glad of the chance—as I thought—to lie around the house and do nothing. But I do dislike the statement she made to me the next day when I dropped in to see her. She said to me what all mothers say to their eldest sons, "Take care of the house, and don't let the little kids fight." You possibly may think, "Oh, a little thing like that." But I have two younger sisters and one younger brother, and keeping them from scrapping was like trying to stop a dog fight.

Fortunately for me, one of my older sisters caught a cold and had to stay home for a week. During that time, I not only shifted the whole



burden onto her but I also renewed my vows to take life easy. However, I was merely jumping from the frying pan into the fire.

I am moderately successful at running a typewriter, being able to do all my own letters and so forth on one. Dad knew this better than I realized. One morning after Mass he very encouragingly asked me if I wouldn't go down to the office and get out a letter for him. One of the stenographers was on vacation, and the rest were all pretty busy. Unsuspecting, I replied that I would be glad to help him out. It was a ten-page letter of which he needed no less than twenty copies. By the time I had that done, I was a sort of fixture at the office, so there I remained. Let me say here and now, that if you ever have two or three dull weeks ahead of you, try cramming an eight-year course in law into your system in that time.

By the time school opened in the fall, I felt as if I had stayed up all night for three months, and been run through a washer every day.

Because of these hardships I have to go through to even try to get a suitable vacation, I decided to consult some experts. I asked all those people who do go everyplace on the globe every year, and they showed me various ways and means of securing a vacation which would not be a pigmy beside anyone else's. After weighing this evidence, and also divers thoughts of my own, I have reached a conclusion. It is my opinion that if you want to have a good vacation about which people will certainly talk, you must go some place where you are unknown and lie down and die.



# March Sunset

BILL MEIRING

The western sky was a fan of red and gold over-laid with a delicate tracery of black made by the tall trees that stood naked on the rim of the hill. From the sun's cup of gold radiated all the richest shades of rose and pink; they reached to the very tip of the heavens and then faded into the first pale flush of night. From the north side of the sun's golden cup spilled all the shades of orchid, mauve and lavender; towards the south dripped rivulets of lemon and orange.

Such riotous colors played strange tricks upon the somber earth where winter still lingered before the coming of spring. The dull hayrick in the field became a mound of unburnished gold; a tiny church, abandoned and almost hidden on a hillside, glowed again and seemed to regain its one-important mission, as rose light rushed in through the hole in the roof and played gently upon the rusty keys of the old organ. A little log cabin by the side of a narrow road was no longer a drab place of habitation; beneath the magic of the sunset's colors it became a miniature castle, cozy and warm, where a whole family lived and found contentment.

Neither man nor beast nor any inanimate thing could remain the same in the glory of such a sunset. Nothing could be ugly or commonplace beneath a sky so filled and running over with beauty, and no man can ever forget the sight once he has watched the earth when a March sunset spreads a fan of color in the west.

# Whither Education?

JOHN FORD

*Is it true that a Freshman can never be too serious? This article is certainly not a fulfillment of any accusation in that direction. Mr. Ford realizes full well the serious problems of modern education and voices the opinion of his solid mind. You will, indeed must, concur and join with him in his hopes and resolutions.*

America is in a crisis! It is a strange crisis, far different from any this great country has ever witnessed. It is a tragic crisis! It is a pitiful crisis! In it America does not have to combat other nations or great powers; she must fight herself.

The diseased world has spread a nefarious plague to our shores. It is worse than the devastation of war because it destroys souls rather than bodies, reason rather than minds, wills rather than intellects, principles rather than principals. It has infected a group that preaches tolerance yet it itself is intolerant. It pretends to educate when in reality it limits. It preaches freedom through a medium that forbids freedom.

To call it Communism, or Fascism, or Nazism is not to be specific. The best appellation it has received, and the one that most fittingly describes it is Godlessness.

It is self-evident that America should be first to vaccinate herself against this disease because our government's foundation and pillars are rooted deep in the ideals of democracy. It is a God-given government because it springs from His principles of freedom, justice, and love. If we are true Americans, loyal patriots, if we are interested in the destiny of our country, we must rid ourselves of the vicious infection that is able, so easily, to initiate and spread the plague that threatens us. We cannot pretend to love a government and ignore its source. If we want to be good Americans it naturally follows we must be good Christians. A democracy cannot be Godless.

If we are incredulous of this statement we need only to look to history—current or past—and it will reveal that every government in the history of the world that has denied personal freedom, such as is offered in this country, has also denied God and persecuted religion. From this, what might be our destiny? What particular institution need we look to in order that we might discover America's destiny?

Aristotle the great scientist and the greatest philosopher once said, "All who have meditated on the art of governing mankind have been

convinced that the fates of empires depend on the education of youth." This profound thinker expounded a truth, in this statement, that no rational individual will deny. So, we may say, that in looking to America's destiny, we must necessarily look to its educational system. What a spectacle!

To climb upon the pinnacle of time and endeavor to peer into the inscrutable future is as vain as attempting to relive or alter an event that lies in the impalpable past. However, we know that every effect has a cause and that every cause produces a definite effect. Just as an excess of intoxicating liquors will bring upon a drunken stupor, just as gasoline thrown upon a fire will bring about an explosion, so we may be certain that unless our non-sectarian schools in America become conscious of Christ and His teachings, our liberty and freedom, of which every American is proud and jealous, will be but a lifeless monument of a lost democracy, recorded on the dead pages of history.

In his encyclical on "Christian Education of Youth," the venerable Pope Pius XI, spoke these meaning words: "This (higher) perfection they (men of today) seek to acquire by means of education. But many of them, it would seem, with too great insistence on the etymological meaning of the word, pretend to draw education out of human nature itself and evolve it by its unaided powers. Such easily fall into error, because, instead of fixing their gaze upon God, first principle and last end of the whole universe, they fall back upon themselves, becoming attached exclusively to passing things on earth; and thus their restlessness will never cease till they direct their attention and efforts to God, the goal of all perfection . . ."

American education has not been faithful to its purpose. Like the sophists of old we thirst for the wine of knowledge, and while we are drunk with it, we forget truth. In our so-called higher institutions of learning teachers who are communists, pragmatists, professed atheists, and who in the first place have no right there, expound loose moral codes, contend that religion is born of superstition and midwived by state heads who needed it to enforce the law, finally that truth and goodness are purely subjective and that one opinion is just as good as another. Youthful minds are impregnated with falsehoods because they are regarded as reservoirs and not as living fountains from whence the pure waters of truth spring. And so in forgetting and ignoring truth and God, education has failed in its primary purpose.

All in all, it seems that a supply of Bibles and instructors to these institutions would be much more appropriate than sending supplies to foreign countries. However, it is not my purpose to justify or condemn sending aid to these countries, under the pretense that it will establish a first line of defense. But I ask: What good is a first line of defense if you haven't got anything to defend?



If our youth, the leaders of tomorrow, are instilled with the doctrines of materialism, individualism, and subjective morality; if they are graduated from our schools only to scoff at both civil and moral law, will we have a nation that is worth saving from dictators? Will we be any better than the masses of Europe that grope about in the darkness of hate, greed, and intolerance? Is a Godless nation any better simply because it offers the opportunity to become more Godless?

William Faunce expresses it very well when he says, "We have in America the largest public school system on earth, the most expensive college buildings, the most extensive curriculum, but nowhere else is education so blind of its objectives, so indifferent to any specific outcome as in America. One trouble has been its negative character. It has aimed at the repression of faults rather than the creation of virtues."

America, as a whole, must go back to God, but especially our education must be means of knowing Him. The man who knows his purpose here on earth and his destiny is the educated man. Science, philosophy, rhetoric, are only means to an end. If they themselves are no greater than the things they lead to, then they should not be pursued. Truth and God should be the goal of all education. Teachers, real teachers, and not sophists, should propound those things which a man can use here in this short probation on earth that he might obtain everlasting happiness with the greatest of teachers, Jesus Christ.

America must be born again. It must hold high and reverence the burning torch of truth, in order that unborn Americans and the whole world will be able to find man's most precious rights, life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, on our shores.

Our crisis is at hand! Education must defend us against the plague of Godlessness. A great America will rise—it will be a Christian America.



# Making Notes

CHARLES SIMMS

The great trouble with most of us is that we are mentally lazy. We are slipshod in our mental habits. We read voluminously, without stopping to absorb what we read; without cogitating upon it and relating it to our experience, previous observation, and knowledge of the subject.

We do not pause often or long enough in our reading to affix impressions upon our minds. How often, as we run across an idea, do we match it with an idea of our own, or at least associate it with corollary ideas that have interested us in the past?

"Sit still and label your thoughts," said Carlyle. The enriching hour or two set aside regularly for that purpose can soon become one of our pleasurable anticipations.

A most effective means of thus adding new zest to our mental life is the habit of making notes.

First of all, reading is fatuous if our attention is so casual that only an evanescent impression is made. Ideas are highly perishable; our memories leak like coarse mesh sieves.

There is a classic story of a man who had such a wonderful idea that he fell upon his knees to thank God, only to discover, when he arose, that the idea had slipped his mind. The good point, fresh approach, the stimulating conception in lectures, plays, speeches, books, conversation—all escape us if we do not mark them well.

Genius does not come from making notes, but it is significant that no small number of the world's reflective leaders have been addicted to the practices.

The physical act of making a note tends to inscribe the thought upon our mind. Another virtue of note taking is that the practice helps us to evaluate ideas, and serves us as a first aid to concentration. It is, however, the creative use of notes that determines in the end their chief value.

Living at today's fast pace thoughts, impressions, observations, ideas, crowd upon us with such speed that unless we do develop the habit of making notes, ideas of great potential value are likely to escape or be smothered. Even more important, note taking will prove a real boon to the person who wished to wake up and think.

# Women From Shakespeare

Drawn by CHARLES J. PEITZ, JR.

Across the boards of the old Globe many characters passed, some slinked, some marched, some staggered, some with proud and shining eyes, some with seething heart, some in the light of a candle. All were flesh and blood: they hoped and feared, they loved and laughed, they are unforgettable.

None are more memorable than some of the women drawn by Shakespeare's pen.

These they are, real, memorable, painted from a heart that knew the meaning of life and hope and love.

P.F.S.

*Cleopatra looks out at us from the darkness of Egypt. The starlight of far deserts gleams in her hair. The mystery of long centuries smokes in her eyes. Cunning, sinuous and unfathomable, love, brutal and unleashed—these are her weapons, to be used in the consummation of tragedy.*



CLEOPATRA



*Cressida, with her haughty aloofness of youth and beauty, with her tyrannous rule of a poor man's heart, is a kind of symbol of the perdition that may lie in the path of the idealist. Troilus hoped and there was no return; he trusted an empty smile; he yearned for a star and found his hands and soul holding nothing.*



CRESSIDA

*Juliet is made of the light of stars, even as Romeo knew so well. Youth is so eager, life is so strong, beauty is so fragile. Only a heart as great as hers could meet the hate of old ones, only her love could give meaning to tardy repentance.*





JULIET

# Chemotherapy

PAUL LE SAGE

*The author probes the world of chemicals in the service of health and discovers the interesting facts contained herein. One need not be of the clan of scientists to profit by these paragraphs; these items should appeal to every student.*

It is not a matter of indifference what theories we hold respecting ourselves and the world around us. Inevitably our lives and our daily actions are swayed by what we believe and what we imagine. In no department of human life has this been more completely and in some ways more terribly demonstrated than in the changing opinions of mankind about the nature and cause of disease. Through these changing opinions of different men we have thereby stumbled upon some great discoveries.

All living things are forced to go through life beset by enemies that are constantly seeking to destroy them. Sometimes they defend themselves by physical methods, and are equipped to do this by means of weapons, such as horns, teeth and claws, or by such defensive armor as shells, hides and furs. But to a much larger extent the defense is chemical, although usually the chemical defenses are not so obvious as the physical defenses. But here is where the chemical term, "chemotherapy," comes into play. Chemotherapy aims at the destruction of invading germs through the administration of chemicals which, while being sufficiently injurious to the germs, must also be relatively harmless to the organs of the patient. The discovery of such chemicals, strange as it may seem to the layman, is one of the most difficult tasks confronting the medical research worker. And this for the simple reason that all chemicals are more or less injurious to the animal body. It is indeed a matter of great surprise that many centuries ago the prevention and remedy of the most serious diseases were known, although these discoveries were made by more or less intuitive efforts to utilize vegetable and mineral products for the cure of diseases. It was only with the perfection of the microscope in the latter part of the last and the beginning of the present century that science has discovered the causative organisms of these diseases.

Now let us start our consideration of man's defense which he uses to fight against these dreaded diseases. One of his most useful and also most powerful weapons is that of immunity. By immunity is meant the ability of resistance to diseases. The absence or loss of this power of resistance constitutes a condition known as susceptibility. This immunity or sus-

ceptibility varies widely according to the species, race, sex, age and health of the individual. These, as a resistance, would fall under the classification of natural immunity; that is, certain types of individuals are by nature immunized to certain diseases. But those who are not immunized by nature have this consolation that they can acquire immunity from the most dangerous diseases. By acquired immunity is meant resistance which does not belong entirely to the individual but which may be given to him or developed by him under antigenic treatment. This process of conferring immunity is termed immunization or immunizing.

Artificially acquired immunity is divided into two classes, active and passive. By active immunity we mean resistance that is developed in the body by the introduction of a foreign substance in amounts not sufficient to overwhelm the tissues. For this reason the active immunity develops slowly.

Active immunity may be divided within itself; but we will not go into a lengthy discussion of this here, for its main idea is to weaken the germs within the body by giving small doses of living viruses, thus causing immunization.

Passive immunity is a state in which by one single act immunity or total resistance is conferred by the introduction of protecting substance into the body, for instance, the injection of diphtheria antitoxin. The protecting substance is prepared in the laboratory, and the patient plays only a passive part. But the one disadvantage of passive immunity is that it is short-lived.

This immunity is the use of serum constituted from blood plasma, the liquid portion of the blood of animals which has been subjected to some form of immunizing treatment and has therefore developed antibodies in their blood. The production of this serum is usually obtained from the blood of horses and heifers.

The horse is used to create serums which counteract our two greatest diseases, namely diphtheria and scarlet fever. The horse is immunized by giving it increased doses of whatever specific toxin is to be made. These doses are begun by injecting one gram of the toxin under the skin, usually in the region of the neck or shoulder of the animal. These doses are daily increased until the injections run as high as one pint per day. After about two or three months, which is the average time required for the immunizing process to come to completion, the horse is bled to see if it has produced sufficient amount of antitoxin. If so, the blood is run into a sterile receptacle where it is left for a few days to coagulate. Then the serum or liquid portion is squeezed out and placed in sterile bottles for removal.

The day following the bleeding the horse is again started back on his daily route of immunizing treatment. Ordinarily horses are bled once a month, that is if they live long enough to be of any adequate service



for not all horses are able to stand up under this treatment and often die off during the immunizing treatment. And on the other hand, many horses which tolerate the immunizing treatment to any extent seldom yield a satisfactory antitoxin.

The heifer, which produces antitoxin mainly for smallpox and also small quantities for tuberculosis, is not treated quite as gently as the horse. They are first given a complete examination by the veterinarians, followed by thorough scrubbing and disinfecting. Then they are taken to the operating room where their abdomen and inner flanks are shaved. Scarifications are then made in longitudinal lines by means of a knife, and the "seed virus" is then rubbed into the skin.

The immunizing period in the heifer is not near as long as in the horse, for their propagation period comprises only seven to nine days. At the end of this time if pustules (blisters containing the fluid for vaccination) are found around the lines of scarification, the heifer is bled to death. The vaccinated area is then thoroughly cleansed and the pustular material is taken off and transferred to sterile glass. Later it is ground to a uniform emulsion, aged, tested, and finally placed in capillary tubes.

Now these serums, which I have just discussed, are used to inject into the human, who has been found, through the Shick or Dick test, to be susceptible to these diseases, namely diphtheria, scarlet fever, or smallpox.

The diseases which we are unable to acquire immunity must be fought against in a different manner. Either we must try to obtain prevention methods or figure out a cure for it after it has once procured a hold upon the individual. One of these most dreaded and secretly talked about diseases is "syphilis." "Syphilis and war are the two greatest enemies of mankind," so it is said. For there is no one who is immune to either one, however; concerning the disease, suggestions have been given in which is believed will keep one from contracting it. However, if one is unfortunate enough to contract this disease he shouldn't keep it a secret. This secrecy is the greatest of all obstacles which has to be overcome in fighting syphilis. If anyone gets the disease he immediately thinks that he is damned; usually he loses all hope, thinking that there is no cure, or if there is one, it is too expensive for him.

Quite the contrary, for Dr. Erlich did not sacrifice his precious time and even life in creating salvarsan, and many other drugs that only a chosen few could use. He strived for years trying to form a concoction of chemicals which in one dose would cure syphilis, but sorry to say he never accomplished his dream. He did, however, discover salvarsan, known to some as "606"; "606" being the number of times that he tried different experiments before he finally succeeded. It is used over a period to help cure the disease.

The best form of treatment is what is termed the continuous alternating treatment in which the patient receives weekly injections of neoarsphenamin for a minimum of sixty-five weeks. No course of treat-

ment is complete without a final examination of the spinal fluid, to make certain that the central nervous system has not become involved. The difficulty is that a majority of the people quit these treatments after a few weeks, for as soon as they see no sign of the disease they believe themselves to be cured.

Leprosy, likewise, is one of the oldest, most dreadful, and costliest diseases that the world has ever known. It existed back as early as 4600 B. C. and is supposed to have begun in Egypt along the Nile. Every century and race has felt its unclean hand that grasps out of the night. At the present day it still lingers in a majority of the countries, especially in the Orient.

This disease is even horrid to think about. Just picture a person decaying inch by inch, year by year, right before your very eyes, and you being almost helpless in trying to aid him. These poor afflicted persons linger on for as long as twenty years in such a condition.

The treatment for leprosy has been empirical all through the ages and even today it is largely so. The patients are cared for by giving them hot baths, a tonic and treatment with chaulmoogra oil.

The chaulmoogra oil is the only known relief for leprosy. It is made from the fruit of the *Taraktogenus Kurzii* and resembles the grapefruit in appearance. When cut open there are found within irregular shaped seeds which when crushed produce a thick crude oil.

When this oil was first discovered it was used internally, however, it caused violent intestinal disturbances with nausea and sickness. Thus a number of years elapsed before it was tried in any other manner of application. After numerous experiments with this chaulmoogra oil it has been found that a mixture of it with iodine proves about the best counteraction at the present time. Consequently after looking at the number of afflicted persons, the amount that it costs to treat them and the limited means of fighting this terrible disease, one can easily see that there are unlimited opportunities in this field for improvements by chemists and doctors alike.

This brief discussion of disease, the struggle and actual accomplishments of chemotherapy along this line, should be sufficient demonstration of the great practical value of this new science. However, at the present time the discovery of new chemotherapeutic agents is still a matter of luck, for the simple reason that chemist and physicist alike do not completely understand the structure of matter. Yet everything that is discovered along this line is establishing a more perfect scientific foundation for future work, work that will enable scientists to cure diseases; diseases that have ravished mankind from his very beginning, and made his world a toilful one to live in. All this is being established by men who sacrifice their lives to open new doors to the unknowns; unknowns that will make our world a better place in which to live.



# Two Sketches

G. RICHARD SCHREIBER

*If you have seen a clever artist take a pencil, sweep a few lines across the page, apply the thick of his thumb here and there, you will have the chance of a literary parallel here. In the world of drawing so much is expressed by lines undrawn, suggested; in these brief pieces the fullness of delight will come a few moments after the work is laid aside. Mr. Schreiber is deft with words.*

## A BOY OF THE STREETS

Perhaps it was because the snowflakes whispered down from the heavens, or because there was ice that crunched underfoot and a street lamp whose rays fought vainly with the snow for recognition. But more probably it was because the town was small and the houses looked cozily friendly in the clear snap that was night. Or the trees, with barren branches raking wildly at the stars, may have played their part in the enchantment.

There was a wind, too. A wind with icy fingers. Not a calm wind; but joyously frenzied. It was a kind of cosmic wildness and being in it offered that strange, inexplicable sensation of power that no one can express but everyone feels.

Along Main Street the street lamps eyed the deserted sidewalk. A sign swung crazily like a lone reveler returning in early morning with none on hand to know his revelry. The sign creaked, too. Its creakings might have been a groan except that the night left no room for groaning.

Then there was a slight figure on the sidewalk before a shop window. And the night became conscious of a warm savory from the near-by bakery. But the lone figure that was a boy was not conscious of the savory. His stomach might have been, but his eyes would not allow. They were fixed intently on an object behind the sweating glass. The boy's rag-doll appearance reflected in the window and he had to press his nose against the pane and use his hand to see the object.

The fuzzy brown bear stared back at him with as much intentness as though the bear would buy the boy rather than the boy the bear.

While he stood and stared, the audience from the theatre began filing out. And the street was for the moment full of life and the noise of starting cars and people saying goodnight. The urchin pulled his eyes from the window and watched the people say goodnight.



As he did so, a woman and a boy, quite obviously mother and son, emerged from the fringe of the departing crowd and started down the street toward the lighted window where the boy stood and watched. The mother was a youngish matron for all her heavy step and hint of double chin. She held the hand of her son, who was, or appeared to be, about the same age as the rag-doll boy. The son held to his mother with his left hand. There was a slow pout that puckered up his mouth. Not the kind of a pout that comes occasionally to a boy his age when he cannot understand or know the reason for a thing. It was the kind of pout that authors give a character who must be selfish and spoiled.

He seemed indifferent to the night around him; indifferent to the car toward which his mother led the way; above all, indifferent to the other lad who stood staring at the fuzzy brown bear this new lad carried under his arm. It was like the bear behind the cold hard glass. It was like the bear that wanted to buy the boy.

The urchin's face lit when he spied the fuzzy brownness that was so near in comparison to the bear behind the glass. His eyes had that look of pure desire—the kind of look all actors ever strive for, yet so few attain. He kept looking hard and clutched his fist as the two swept by and the glass eyes of the bear looked back at him with equal longing.

Mother and son went by. There was a place some five feet past the lighted window where the water dripped down from a broken drain and froze. As the boy walked over the ice his foot slipped out and the pout around his mouth disappeared. When he lurched forward, the brown bear flew from his arm and rolled unnoticed to the shadow of the curb.

The mother stood by, cooing and caressing her son till gradually the pout re-asserted itself. By and by, the two walked on toward the car, leaving the bear forgotten in the curbing.

But the boy with the rag-doll face had seen. He hurried forward now and found the brown fur in the gutter. He snatched it up quickly and held it close to himself. He might have *thought* he could give warmth to the bear; but the bear *knew* the opposite was true.

He looked into the glowing glass buttons that were the bear's eyes. Then somehow he looked up after the retreating pair, and something he had heard before made his feet pound quickly forward.

He hesitated just before he caught up with the mother and son. But the thought of himself wanting the bear so much, and the thought of how much the pouting boy might want the bear, made him clutch the woman's coat sleeve.

She drew back quickly and looked as though he had tried to steal the alligator-skin pocketbook that hung heavily from her arm. Then when she saw what the boy had, she smiled through her cosmetics and had the

boy been noticing he would have seen the double chin like a picture from the future. But he hadn't time for noticing.

The youngish matron seized the bear from his grasp and smiled again upon him. She laughed a little "thanks so much" and patted her son on the back as she restored the bear to his unloving arms. She didn't see or know the beseeching look that was in the urchin's eyes. She didn't have time to see for her own son ploughed on in diffidence to what had happened.

Smiling again, a silly smile, without a word of further thanks she started out down the street after the boy whose face was pouting.

The boy whom the fuzzy brown bear had wanted to buy stood for a moment looking after her form and trying to perceive the bear through the snow that whipped in his eyes. A man who passed flicked a cigarette against the building. The urchin stooped down quickly, seized it, took a healthy puff and started down the side street where the night was wild and dark.

"Oh hell," he said.

#### . . . AND A GIRL

She lay stretched out along the bare floor, her chin propped in her hands. On the floor before her was a tattered book across whose pages her eyes moved restlessly. She turned each sheet of it as though it had the value of some ancient manuscript.

Outside, the day was a stained glass window, with limpid characters moving in it. Even in this part of town, where the little girl lived, it was a beautiful day. That is one of the strangest things. It is above all a perfect example of God's mercy and His love for the things that fly through the air and the things that are born to crawl on the ground. To each He gives sunlight and a beauty that can never be purchased.

The little girl was not interested in the world outside, however. Her mind, as her eyes, was riveted on the book she had. It was a simple life of the great French Saint, Joan of Arc. It even had a few cheap illustrations that had grown cheaper through the years of hard usage and neglect. But to the girl they were illustrations with all the color, all the majesty, all the balance and proportion of a Michelangelo.

Through the open window where two once-white curtains hung, came flies and the drone of voices below and rumbling trucks going to market. Once in a while a shrill coarse cry came through, too; or the sound of some screaming infant whose mother reprimanded it for playing in the dangerous street.

But the words were before her—of the little shepherd girl who had visions of leading forth a great army for the glorious victory of her country. As she read, her eyes were alive with the fire of an inner spirit and her ears were full of a great organ tone that reverberated as the roar



of the ocean. The little girl had never seen nor heard the ocean, except once when a distant cousin brought back a sea shell from Atlantic City and she had sat and listened to its strange calling the whole of an afternoon.

In fact, she didn't even pause now to connect the magnificent tone with the roar of the ocean. She was not even conscious of it as a separate sound. It was fused with the whole of the idea that gripped her as those voices in the field must have gripped and held the little shepherd girl.

Now she saw the great Cathedral towering forth on page ninety-eight of the little book. She heard the words of the archbishop as he crowned the king, and she could see the Maid of Orleans standing there, her head bowed down humbly and behind her the stake that was to be her destiny. When she reached page one hundred, the little shepherd girl was no longer there, save as a memory to burn and inspire hearts to love and greater deeds.

The little girl of the slums lay looking at the last blank flypage of the book. Someone had once drawn a jumbled pencil sketching there and water from somewhere had jumbled the jumbings even more. But they were a hundred pictures to the little girl.

She closed the book reluctantly, got up and hid it well beneath the faded cover of the sofa that stood near the window of the room.

She went into the kitchen and stood watching the steam curl up from a huge kettle that held supper. Her mother wasn't in the kitchen. She must have gone across the hall for a visit with Mrs. Mulvaney.

The little girl went slowly out the kitchen door and into the hall. The hall was dark and full of onion smell and must and voices coming through the thin partitions that separated one room from another. Up the long stairway from the street came a lone shaft of sunlight that only made the dark dampness of the hall more pronounced.

Toward the door, down the stairs, the girl made her way. Her eyes were still alight as though they could never again see the squalor and poverty that was where she lived.

Once she had passed through the door and stood at the top of the long flight of stairs that led down to the narrow street, her eyes lost some of the light that was in them. She stood there a moment watching an old man pushed a fruit cart up the street. A little gust of wind came with a whirl of fine dust and scattered paper pieces.

Then she saw a sight that stiffened her and transfixed her as though she really might have been the great Joan of Arc before her persecutors. She saw a little mongrel dog playing in the street. And up the street she saw a lumbering grocery truck bearing down rapidly.

She called the dog. It paid her not the slightest heed but went on sniffing interestedly at a tin can.

The little girl flew down the steps as though her own baby brother



stood in the path of the oncoming truck. She rushed into the street, scooped the mongrel puppy up in her hands and half-pitched, half-placed him on the curbing.

There was a pitiful little impact. No other sound. Only a feathery thud and the screech of brakes and the sound of a cursing, fearful driver.

She lay close by the curbing, her arms outstretched as she had just thrown the dog to safety.

The driver jumped quickly from his cab and rushed to the curb. He picked up her arm. He turned her over and stood staring down at the face. The dog on the curb perked up its ears and opened its mouth as though it were laughing.

Quickly the driver picked up the crushed form and, at a neighbor's frightened suggestion, carried it upstairs to the little front room.

He laid her on the sofa, then stood back.

The mother knelt there by her daughter's side, and Mrs. Mulvaney was beside her, anxiously watching the mother's face as though she did not know what must come next. But the mother only looked, and looked. Finally, she said, "My God, my God, my God."

But the little girl had reached out under the sofa's faded cover, and her hand held to something that would keep it warm long after the coldness of death had come. On her face was the contented smile of the victorious.

# Everything Counts

PAUL STENZ

*There is use for a Baedeker to the complicated world of modern industry. Mr. Stenz gives us a short one, filled with all the pounding of engines, the hiss of steam, the groaning of belts. A world of its own sets forth, here, what man has made of man.*

Five miles west of the heart of Detroit, Michigan, on the banks of the River Rouge, is the largest single manufacturing plant in the world. From a physical standpoint—real estate, buildings, equipment, and all this establishment can only be described as breath-taking. Sprawled over land that could accommodate more than 1,000 football gridirons, this Gargantuan factory employs 80,000 men and can turn out 6,000 automobiles in a single, two-shift, sixteen-hour day. That's better than one complete, ready-to-run car every ten seconds.

A bird's-eye view of the maze of blast furnaces, rolling mills, tool and die shops, power houses, ore docks, railroads, foundries, laboratories, and offices in this giant Ford Motor Company plant presents the first impression of one vast chaotic tangle. Yet, by a miracle of science and industrial organization, the sprawling parts are blended into a clock-work unit that at one end sucks in raw materials, and at the other blows out a steady stream of gleaming motor cars.

In a tour of the plant one starts at the Administration Building, climbs into one of the company cars, and is off, because walking would be rather impractical since the plant is so immense. To get any idea of the tremendous size of this manufacturing monster, and of the miracle of production it accomplishes, you have to begin at the beginning, which means that you run into this fact: The origins of the vehicles that come from this mammoth mechanical hatchery are scattered over the face of the earth.

For the Rouge plant taps the raw-materials of the world. Up from Brazil and the Far East come boatloads of raw rubber for tires and bodies. Down through the western Great Lakes flows a steady stream of long barges stuffed with iron ore for the blast furnaces. Coal trundles in from the South. So vast is the demand of the factory for materials, that officials state that the plant taps not only many foreign lands, but also practically every one of the 3,070 counties in the United States for at least one contribution to its finished product.

Trains and trucks haul their quota of materials to the plant, but the

lion's share of the transportation job is intrusted to ships. You see the channel which Mr. Ford has dug down to the Detroit River. It is partly the old River Rouge, widened and deepened, partly an artificial basin. The Ford Company maintains its own freighter fleet of twenty-nine vessels, led by the 614-foot Diesel-powered flagship, Henry Ford II. Up the River Rouge, the freighter armada noses up to the factory's huge unloading pier, where giant mechanical fists grab fifteen-ton handfulls of iron ore and dump them into a vast storage bin that lines the side of the boat wharf.

On schedule and without interruption, this influx of raw materials spreads out from docks and receiving platforms along transportation fingers that lead to the maze of manufacturing and processing plants. For this distribution job, there are 100 miles of railroad track within the Rouge boundaries. Over this network of steel, ten steam locomotives and seven oil-electric engines haul more than 1,000 plant freight cars. There are fourteen giant locomotive cranes, as well as fleets of trucks, tractors, and trailers. And what this transportation army cannot handle is intrusted to a conveyor belt system that is long enough to stretch from New York City to Wilmington, Del., and ranges from heavy mechanisms to move bulky raw materials, to light conveyors that speed small parts into the hands of workmen when and where they need them.

Either in their original or in their processed form, all these materials are ultimately destined for the spinal column of the factory, the final assembly line. But most of them face a long journey before they are joined to the automobile skeleton to play their part in forming the finished car.

Take, for example, one raw material: iron ore, of which some 850,000 tons arrive at the Rouge docks in a single season. The raw ore is fed into the maws of two giant blast furnaces that in twenty-four hours can turn out 1,500 tons of pig iron. As it emerges, the flow splits, some of the iron moving into the seventeen-acre foundry to be made into castings, including the one-piece eight-cylinder Ford engine block.

Another stream of iron, in molten state, moves into the open-hearth building, where in ten huge furnaces it merges with scrap iron, limestone, magnesium, chrome, vanadium, and various other alloys to be converted into the sixty-three distinct types of steel that go into the manufacture of Ford-built cars.

Follow the trail farther. On conveyors, ingots of steel travel to the rolling mill—twenty-two acres—where gigantic machinery rolls them into bars or rods or coils of sheet steel. Go on into the press shop—nineteen acres—and watch a battery of 2,000 power presses, some exerting an 800-ton squeeze, stamp out fenders, hoods, radiators, body panels, and other parts, as easily as a chef wields a cookie cutter.

Nearby in a connecting building, you'll watch forty steam hammers



and sixty upsetters, a type of forging machine, turn out springs and small parts. Since the original pig iron entered the open-hearth building, its progress has gone on in separate shops that are all connected and covered by a single roof, under which, if you wanted to sweep out a few thousand tons of machinery, you could lay out close to 1,000 tennis courts.

But you've only followed the factory trail of iron ore. To do the job right, you'd also follow raw rubber through its maze of transformations into finished tires. You'd follow silica and alkalis to their completed form as window and windshield glass. To travel through the plant where the soy beans are utilized is an education in itself.

In 1933, 7,400 acres of soy beans with a yield of 100,000 bushels was the foundation of the now scientific use of the bean in the construction of automobiles. At that time the population could not eat as much as the farmer could grow so Mr. Ford took it upon himself to experiment and see if the bean could be advantageously used to his benefit. At the end of the year there was in converted form a bushel of soy beans in every Ford.

The beans are squeezed to produce an oil used as a binder for sand molds in the foundry. A portion of the residue is treated with a solvent to remove a material which is a vehicle for lacquer. The remaining residue is largely protein and fiber and these are turned into the highly satisfactory plastic resins out of which the horn buttons, light switch handles, distributor covers, window trim, etc., are manufactured. In 1938 the research laboratories of the Ford Company succeeded in making synthetic fibers from the soy bean. These fibers (recently improved in quality) are similar to the wool substitute, "Lanital," now being manufactured in Italy from cow's milk.

The growing use of synthetic enamels for coating automobile bodies, refrigerators, bathroom fixtures, and other things has been followed by the introduction of infra-red rays to speed up drying. The rays are invisible and are given off by hot sadirons, black but hot stoves, any hot but not necessarily glowing object. They can be called heat rays but it is important to remember that it is possible to make a photograph in a totally dark room by the rays which are given off by a hot sadiron.

Unlike lacquers and varnishes synthetic enamels must be baked. It is futile to apply hot metal directly to a car body which has been enameled, but it is possible to flood the enameled body with heat. Hence the use of infra-red light.

In this field, as in many others, the Ford plant made some of the first experiments with hospital lamps. Minutes were reduced to seconds of drying time. The next step was to devise something that looked like a big clam, with shells that could swing open. An automobile body was carried on an overhead conveyor into such a clam, whereupon the shells



closed and the infra-red light within was turned on. In seven minutes the enamel was dry. The old time in a specially built oven was an hour.

Good as this was it was not good enough for Ford. This attitude prevails throughout the plant and might account for its success. In this particular case the clams were not handled easily enough. Now Ford sends his car bodies through tunnels—gold-plated tunnels. Within the tunnels are carbon filament lamps, the old-fashioned kind that Edison invented. These radiate more infra-red rays than the modern metal-filament type. To look at the lamps is to invite deception. The inexperienced think that it is the visible light that does the drying. Actually the visible light is so much waste, just as the heat given off by lamps is so much waste when we want to read. So the enamel-dryers use lamps that the lamp makers consider very inefficient as illuminants.

Special tunnels have been built for the various parts that must be enameled and baked. Thus there are tunnels through which bodies travel and tunnels that look inside like blazing tubes through which wheels are carried. There is even a cave of light through which a whole enameled automobile may be run, fenders, top, body and all. As soon as any new innovation can be introduced to save still more time Ford will undoubtedly be its instigator.

Regardless of the material you follow, it will eventually wind up somewhere along one of the three parallel final-assembly lines. To get an idea of what these are like, think of a mammoth parade that starts with a small group at the beginning of an avenue that has side streets leading into it from the left. On each side street, groups of marchers are assembled into compact, orderly units. As the initial group reaches the first side street, the assembled marchers there swing into line. A second group joins the parade at the next corner, and so on until the parade is a single marching unit.

The same thing happens in an automobile final-assembly line. Starting the parade is the chassis, which moves along on a conveyor until at the first "side street" the engine, assembled in the motor building, moves in on a conveyor from the left, and is lowered into place. Radiator, steering gear, fenders, wheels, bodies, and other parts are added as the steadily expanding unit moves from one side conveyor along to the next. And remember that each of these side-street conveyors is an assembly line in itself, for each major part has been built up from a number of smaller units. Finally, when the mechanism arrives at the end of the line, it is a complete, ready-to-operate automobile, and rolls off the conveyor under the guidance of an inspector, who drives it out onto a half-mile test track for a check run.

But long before you reach the point where finished cars roll off the assembly lines, you will probably reflect that it must take power with a capital P to run the thousands of machines and light the myriads of

lamps in a plant of this size. It does. The factory power house, the largest industrial high-pressure power plant in the world, utilizes three giant turbo-generators that can produce enough current in a single day to meet the electrical requirements of the average American home for 13,533 years!

Coal, the principal power-house fuel, is used in pulverized form, and blown under pressure into the boilers where it burns almost like gas. Every day the power house pumps water from the Detroit River through a 2½-mile tunnel in a quantity that equals the daily water consumption of the cities of Detroit, Cincinnati, and Washington combined.

These are facts and figures that set the brain whirling. So, before you leave the plant, perhaps you had better taper off with a few factory activities that Ford officials class as "incidentals." By-products, for example. Slag from the blast furnaces is not discarded but processed in a cement plant on the premises that has a daily capacity of 2,300 barrels. From the coke ovens come such by-products as coal tar, ammonium sulphate for fertilizer, light machine oil, and motor benzol, among others.

Or consider plant sanitation. Nearly 5,000 men are assigned to the job of keeping buildings and machinery clean and safe. Each month they use around 7,000 mops, 2,700 brooms, fifteen tons of soap chips, and 32,500 gallons of paint. The Rouge plant has more than 8,000,000 square feet of floor to be scrubbed and swept!

With its 6,000-cars-a-day capacity, the River Rouge plant is a tremendously important cog in the peacetime industrial life of the nation. And with half a world already at war, this giant factory, along with others of its kind, may become of even greater importance as a mighty factor in American national defense, because of its ability to switch over to tanks and guns and airplanes from its normal production of trucks, tractors, and automobiles.

The production of automobiles, passenger cars and trucks, is fourth in importance among the major industries and has been subject to considerable fluctuation in the past. Automobiles last about seven or eight years and appear to have cycles of over-and-underproduction. Consequently, if too few or too many are produced, the surplus or shortage is a factor in the situation for a number of years. If business is good more automobiles are sold. Therefore, automobile production, while influencing business activity, is in turn, affected by business activity.



## EDITORIAL

# Death

STEVEN D. THEODOSIS

Regardless of race, creed, position in life or time there will come an instance when every living mortal must face the inevitable, death, as the millions of others have done in the past. Death comes reaping through the fields of human life day after day after day, leaving behind its calling cards, corpses; corpses that were once life, life so beautiful, so loved, so cherished, so priceless. With the fury of the beast, but as stealthily as the thief, and as invincible as time it comes to rob our body of its most treasurable possession, the soul, leaving the body destitute, to decay, to return to its original state, dust.

We have been made aware of the simple fact, that God has placed us in this world to know, love and serve Him, and thus merit Heaven. Yet, as we live our lives there are many of us who are not aware of the fact that there will be a time when cessation comes to physical life, a cessation which will usher our souls into immeasurable eternity, a duration without an end. It is not a multiple of time; we may set down a million years for every grain of sand on the shore, for every leaf of the forest, for every drop of water in the ocean; we may multiply these millions together as often as we please, but at the end of our calculation we are no nearer to understanding eternity than we were when we began. Yet, with an abstract awareness of such an end, we still take no pains to prepare ourselves for the incident.

Very quickly there will be an end to all of us, an end a beginning from which entrance no man has ever returned. Is death to be feared? Is it to be howled at and vainly tried to be forgotten? The analogy of fear at the approach of death, for him who is not prepared, is somewhat similar to the sensation experienced by the negligent student who cringes in dismay at the fear of meeting failure in his coming examinations. He foolishly and vainly assures himself that some sucker will help him out. On the day of examination, however, he finds no one willing to aid him in his destitution. He then goes down in an inexcusable shame, a shame which he must struggle hard to overcome, to make retribution for. In life he is given a second chance, but in death there is no recourse, no footsteps to be retraced.

With the passing of spring and with the coming of the beauties of summer, our thoughts unconsciously evade the morbid subject, death. Yet despite such inclinations death is constantly ready to snatch mothers and fathers from their loving children; to take executives from their



posts; to bring peace to the afflicted and poor; to reward eternal happiness to the pious, or to bring damnation to criminals. Such is death!

The daredevil laughs at death, the moron scorns it, children question it, religious revere it as a means to an end, and scientists hover over its mysteries. The full meaning of death, however, is only understood and felt when it strikes in the family. Have you ever seen the bodily remains of a parent, brother, sister or dear friend lying on a cold marble slab? Have you ever peered into the closed pale eyes that were once so happy, so gay; eyes that once sparkled with the very essence of life, eyes that have changed and were then closed to your searching, questioning eyes? Have you seen the body once so beautiful, so agile, lying there before you, seemingly staring at you and silently asking a million questions of your dazed presence and you not knowing how to answer them in your stupor? Have you seen the lips you so often conversed with sealed forever, never to utter the intelligible sounds that if you heard once again would send raptures of delight through your soul? Have you felt the cold hands of your dearly beloved, knowing that you'd never feel the grip of friendship again, and reminisced of the times you shook hands with proudness of heart? If you have, then you are most certainly aware of the meaning of the word, death.

You kneel there praying, praying as you never did before. It is there besides the corpse, especially of your mother or father, that you fully realize and appreciate the meaning of the word, plus countless other concepts whether actual, possible, or imaginary, animate or inanimate, concrete or abstract, concepts that were once but a passing fancy in your daily routine of life.

Death is queer. It leaves contentment and happiness to those whose kin it took that radiated with the spark of true Christian man or womanhood. It leaves them peace and consolation knowing that their relative has been called to his or her eternal reward to share infinite joy and happiness. To the kin of the cruel and wicked it leaves a sting that is lastingly painful knowing that one of them has failed in mission on earth. Such is death in the great family of mankind.

Could you stop and introspect? Could you look and see yourself as others see you? If you foresaw your death within an hour, would you calmly await your end knowing that you were prepared to meet your creator, or would you frustratingly try to make reparations? If you could walk through a morgue and view the bodies in their dormant state, could you look upon one of those bodies as being yours and at the same time feel the consolation that your soul is resting in peace, or would you remorsefully see your possible torment in Hell?

Death! If more people comprehended the essence of the word, think of how life might be more cheerful, more intelligible, and how many vices might be done away with, and more virtues substituted.

## Book Reviews

*The Grace of Guadalupe*, by Frances Parkinson Keyes, New York; Julian Messner, Inc., 1941, 185 pp. Catholic Book Club, selection for March.

JAMES F. McNAUGHTON

The word "unique" would be a fitting description for this new book selected by the Catholic Book Club. Frances Parkinson Keyes in her work, *The Grace of Guadalupe*, has taken a new approach to a very old subject. Many books have been published which deal with the shrine of Our Lady, and with the graces that she has showered upon individuals, but this is the only popular book ever written in English which deals with the Lourdes of the American continent, Guadalupe.

This book is not a mere recital of miracles, and favors granted, but an educational approach dealing with the influence that this "Mother of Mexico" has wielded upon the history of the nation, since first she appeared to humble Juan Diego in the year 1531. Kings and peons alike have bowed before Her shrine, and great causes have been won in Her Name.

The author divides the book into seven parts, which deal with the characters almost contemporary at the time of the apparition, both in the Church and Mexico. From Juan Diego, to whom Our Lady appeared in the mountains of Tepeyec, to Pope Pius XI who endorsed the appellation—Queen of All the Americas—a stirring account of the power of this Lady of Mexico is portrayed. Interwoven with this chronicle of history and love, are many interesting characters who played a part at sometime in the protection of the famous shrine. Many countries have been honored by the appearance of The Virgin, but only in Mexico on the heights of Tepeyec will Her likeness be everlastingly preserved. The picture of herself which she imprinted on the cloak of Her favored servant, Juan Diego.

A very interesting work, easy to read, educational, and interspersed with numerous photographs of the places, and people mentioned, which serve to make the book all the more enjoyable. From the first chapter, one finds himself completely lost in the spirit of old Mexico, and the love of Our Lady of Guadalupe. All who read this book will join in the cry of the Church. "Non Fecit Taliter Omni Nationi." "This has been granted to no other nation."

*Moscow*, 1979, by Erik Ritter von Kuehnelt-Leddihn, New York; Sheed and Ward, 1940, 337 pp.

ROBERT CAUSLAND

Baron von Kuehnelt-Leddihn looked forty years into the future for



the plot of his book *Moscow 1979*. In that gaze of forty years his imagination conjured up scenes that are stark and terrifying. Still, they are based logically upon the present trends of the Russian government. In his novel the Baron depicts, primarily, the philosophy of the Red government carried out to its fullest realizations, and the result of this fearful system; secondarily, he attempts to provide us with a picture of what world conditions will resemble forty years hence.

Through his imagination, and realistic pen, the reader sees the Catholic Church as the only remaining enemy of Russia. The European continent has been ravaged and laid to waste. The Pope, visible head of the Catholic Church, is no longer ruling from Rome, nor is he Italian. The seat of the Church has been moved to San Francisco and the present ruler is a Filipino.

Binding the plot of the story into a unified theme, the character of Ulyan Karlovitch Krasnoznamyev is introduced to the reader in the opening page of the novel. This person, who is a well developed man of about forty or forty-five years of age, displays the outward attitude of a cynic, but within him is a living soul. Ulyan Karlovitch is different from the other leading characters in the story because he believed in his soul when this belief was forbidden by the Russian government under the penalty of "utilization."

Once again the age-old conflict between good and evil appears. But true to Catholic Philosophy, the Baron forcibly shows that a handful often can control and crush man's body, yet no human, however great, can ever dominate man's will or crush his Soul. He depicts the filth and corruption of Communistic philosophy by penning a picture of what occurs when marriage is abolished, and in its place a State Brothel house is established to "keep up production of the Red race."

Applying many of the principles, which he has learned throughout an intense study of human nature, the Baron succeeds in keeping the emotions of the reader running at top speed. By means of these emotions an allegro tempo is set to the story, and by emphasizing certain details, so as to bring them out clearly, the intricate parts of the novel are kept easily moving.

Superfluously realistic, the Baron plunges man below the dignity of the most savage animal, who kills either in his defense or in need of food. The author shows man at his worst—killing for lust and the lack of anything better to do—as can be seen by an excerpt from the story:

"More people came from the streets and trampled on the helpless women. A young man of Ak's age holding on to the counter hacked his heel into her forehead until the bones gave way with a crunching sound and the entire face became distorted . . ."

Although the plot has many subsidiary themes and circumstances the main thread was never lost. All the action and side thoughts were well



molded and woven into the body of this book. Aside from many gruesome details, it can easily be said of this novel as a whole, that *Moscow 1979* remains a most compelling adventure into the realm of imaginative realism.

*Random Harvest*, by James Hilton; Little, Brown and Company, Boston, 1941, 321 pp.

J. B. VURPILLAT III

In this age of sensationalism and pseudo-realism, it is fortunate that such writers as Mr. Hilton exist to give us a more balanced picture of life. After witnessing the trend in modern literature with its unreasonable depiction of horror and filth, it is indeed refreshing to see that at least one writer has resisted the temptation to shock his reader with the so-called realities of life.

Mr. Hilton has dropped his style, evident in *Lost Horizon* and *Good-bye Mr. Chips* and has adopted a style of tale telling similar in nature to Maurier's *Rebecca*. He has taken a rather old plot and molded it into an entirely new form, making at once an enthralling story, having a good old-fashioned surprise ending that would please even the most cynical reader.

The story concerns an English gentleman who lives practically three lives due to a loss of memory caused by a shell-blast in World War I. His first stage lasts for three or four years after the war, during which time he has no knowledge of his past life or his true identity. The second comes as he regains his true identity but forgets his post-war experiences. The third stage concerns his complete recovery of memory and the piecing together of his broken life. This task involves the surprise ending, which is very effectively and cleverly done.

You will find yourself constantly trying to determine this man's future, trying to fathom the author's final solution of the problems involved. This quality makes the book hard to put aside until the very last sentence is concluded.

The basic plot is, of course, the setting right of a man's life, disrupted by the horrors of war. There is, however, a delicate subtheme woven into the story showing a cross section of British life after World War I and up to the present time. In this is brought out the apparently mistaken attitudes and foolish self-satisfaction of the British people, which caused their pillars of power to come crashing down about their ears. This evident moralizing could have detracted from the value of the basic theme, but was so subtly woven into the pattern of the story that it was of added interest.

Although the story had a happy ending, it contained a rather ominous

note, in that its ending occurred just at the beginning of another great war, the present conflagration in Europe. If one wished to forget the brightness of the basic theme and consider this underlying idea, one might hear the author's deep sigh as he penned his last lines, wondering at the folly and irrationality of man.

No matter, though, whether you read the book for the happy ending or whether you find in it the realization of a certain wrongness or injustice in mankind, it will still prove very interesting and worthwhile reading.

# Exchanges

FRANCIS L. KINNEY

It has been said of us that the contributors to *MEASURE* do not gain through their literary efforts since the opportunity for a criticism by other writers is lacking. In the past, the times were not numerous when *MEASURE* was reviewed in another college magazine's exchange department. For the benefit of our contributors and readers we are printing the criticisms which we requested and received from the *TORCH* of St. Mary of the Springs in Columbus, Ohio, and the *XAVIER ATHENAEUM* from Xavier University, Cincinnati, Ohio. We are grateful for the co-operation of these magazines since they alone have seen fit to bind the Catholic journalists more closely as we have suggested, that is, through actual evaluation of one another's work. As Mr. Robert Kissel of Xavier says in his evaluation, "May our literary relations be as lively and spirited as those on the gridiron or the hardwood," for we likewise stress the same friendly rivalry in literary pursuit as is evidenced in intercollegiate athletic contests. Here, then, are the reviews made by two conscientious and capable editors, Miss Edna Brown of St. Mary of the Springs and Mr. Robert Kissel of Xavier University.

Dear Mr. Kinney:

The title of the periodical, *MEASURE*, suggests a standardizing, a proportioning, a judging. With deft and skillful fingers, the contributors to the fall issue have woven in each characteristic idea.

Indicating the content and praising the author, a short paragraph waves protectingly above each article, like a flag surmounting a fort. The cleverness of the side-show barker is here illustrated but none of his familiar deceit, for only pure and wholesome assumptions are fostered.

Not an "army of youth" but Richard Scheiber "unfurls the banner of truth" by writing of the National Federation of Catholic Students in an interestingly entitled article, "Demise of the Rule of Thumb." Enthusiastically the author has romped home with a wealth of material but his somewhat careless assemblage of facts prevented his putting across the desired punch. The package he delivers is big and bulky, but tied with too much string to effect immediate opening. Of similar nature is another article, "Catholic Music in America," but here the author Francis Kinney, stitching in just enough detail to prevent jargon, is given more to general ideas. Moreover, unlike most analysts, he not only presents the problem but offers worthwhile suggestions for solving it. "An individual of college age has a genuine and consuming desire for truth and real beauty," he decides, then concludes vehemently, "how well our Catholic music can assert his longing."

Satisfactorily illustrating the idea of proportion is the article, "Bor-



rowed Threads." A portrayal of the serious side of human nature results from the expansion of one of Shakespeare's lines concerning misery. Definitely on the lighter side is the agreement with King John's acclamation concerning the lack of elbow room. Both portions are well written and highly enjoyable—may an encore be forthcoming! The messages from the desk of the editor are likewise well-balanced. Written in frank yet forceful manner, "Softness of American Youth" spends no time in outlining and accenting the seriousness of the present problem of adolescent employment, education, and recreation. Fashioned along brisker, more indulgent lines, "Old Things" devotes itself to the arousing of interest in the ancient, the venerable. All indications of the stale or threadbare fade as G. R. Schreiber introduces the likeable, heart-warming "Kentucky Colonel." After reading his poetic contribution, "Reverie," moreover, the author's sincerity is further appreciated. The conspicuous lack of other poems would readily warrant criticism were it not for the superb sketches of Charles Peitz satisfactorily filling the deficit. Here the rhythm and harmony of line, the honesty and candor of expression, the smoothness and rotundity of form provide all that is required of the elevating, the inspiring.

Completely and conscientiously, the exchange department effects the accurate weighing and proportioning signified by the title. Meritorious is the novel letter writing manner in which it is done; however, the contributors are to be complimented for the real honest-to-goodness helpfulness they are rendering, and the results they are bound to bring about because of their enthusiasm and gusto. The book review section appears less boisterously on the scene. In considering "St. Benedict" and "No Other Man" the reviewers have sacrificed rendering of criticism for summarizing of plot. Even though the unusuality of the author's point of view tends to hide the defect, nevertheless, there is an unbecoming stringiness noted in the review of "Murder in a Nunnery." Despite the sounding of a few harsh notes this department still holds itself within the bounds of harmony and echoes the strain of effort and concentration resounding from other portions of the book.

EDNA BROWN, Exchange Editor.  
Xavier University, Cincinnati, Ohio  
April 6, 1941

Mr. Francis L. Kinney,  
Exchange Editor, MEASURE  
St. Joseph's College, Collegeville, Indiana  
Dear Mr. Kinney:

Your request for an evaluation of your MEASURE has provoked much thought on my part. I have made it a sort of extra-curricular literary activity, and found the experiment very enlightening.

In no way is this critique to be taken as an absolute objective one,

though I have attempted to be as objective as possible. Nonetheless, many points I will discuss may well be personal, and purely a matter of opinion.

First off, let me say that I do not particularly care for the blurbs at the beginning of each of your articles. They seem to me more within the province of the high school magazine, and at any rate, labor a reader's literary quest, as if to take him by the ear and say "Please, won't you read this article?" I do not believe you will find blurbs used in many collegiate magazines, whose editors should, I think from their very position, frown on this publisher's touch.

Another red figure in my ledger is, amazingly, the lack of verse in the Winter issue. Where, oh where are the Indiana minstrels? More important, however, is this element which seems to apply pretty generally to your magazine, that is, the literary fault of over-writing, or dragging in too much detail without sufficient motivation, and of mere, sophomoric word-tossing. "A House On The Hill," an otherwise keen piece, was spoiled for me for that reason. Perhaps I should not be harsh, and talk like an over-lord, but I do think the point is applicable and universal enough for all college writers to consider. They should strive constantly to be direct, simple and exact, rather than profuse, wordy, and round-about in telling their story, or penning their essay. Quiller-Couch's essay is very pertinent to this notion.

In all justice, though, I must say that I find your magazine quite worthy of honest praise. The literary sketches of Charles Peitz, and his article on pictorial composition, are most commendable. Very few college artists can match his high standard of line and figure. I was impressed, likewise, by the unassuming and unpretentious tone of the factual "Sargasso Sea," and the humanness of "Jeff Downey." "Gratitude" leaves me grateful for having read it. And the estimate of Willa Cather is certainly fair, and I surely agree that such writers of her calibre should be given more consideration and thought by the Catholic college student, who too often confines his reading to such materialistic magazines as the AMERICAN, or the popular POST, COLLIERS, or LIFE, or the sophisticated ATLANTIC. Proving that our Catholic literature is just as cultural, and certainly just as interesting, as the secular literature is a big part of a Catholic college student's duty to his religion. But I had better not preach.

Please understand that my remarks were made solely in a spirit of sincerity, and of literary appreciation for your magazine, and of good fellowship with students of your college. May our literary relations be as lively and spirited as those on the gridiron or the hardwood.

ROBERT G. KISSEL, Editor, The Xavier Athenaeum.



## Critical Notes

The whole view of Catholic activity in the field of Catholic scholarship is rather disappointing and discouraging. Apparently the explanation is the same as usual: gross timidity, laziness, and a wrong sense of values. Causes, however, are unimportant unless they serve to stir thinkers into some kind of action. Some of these thoughts may help.

There is need for us to take possession of the field of medieval literature, to discover many beauties and treasures as yet unknown, to explain many difficulties which so many non-Catholic scholars find in the Catholic field, to make ourselves authorities in a domain rightfully our own.

There is a cry for Catholic scientists, who are interested in the pages of biological, chemical, or any other history, to make known to the world the exact status of medieval science, to uncover the truth, to lay bare all error.

There is no hope unless Catholic professors in Catholic universities admit the possibility of such a subject as Catholic literature. To speak of Classical literature, or Romantic, or German, or French, is utter inanity if there can be no such thing as Catholic letters.

May we come to a clearer realization of our stark need, of our emptiness, of our weakness of Faith.

\* \* \* \*

There is a vast field awaiting the experimental theatre in our Catholic colleges. Here is material that will bring light to the eyes of the dreamer and laurels to the practical worker in the dramatic realm. The list is long, only some can be mentioned: the works of Jose Maria Peman for the most part still await a translator; a revival of some of the plays of Aubrey de Vere, or of Padraic Pearse might prove most interesting; not all the works of Martinez-Sierra have been produced for the American public; some French Catholic dramatists still remain unknown, men whose work might be great and valuable.

The most tragic thing about our Catholic Theatre is the stillness that fills the air, the spirit of death that walks in empty places. Would that ashes might burst into flames, would that bones might find their flesh!

\* \* \* \*

The last issue of the JOURNAL OF HIGHER EDUCATION contains a notice of a new attempt in the direction of integration. After noting the attention given the problem in the elementary school and in the high school, the author offers the hope that something might be done for the college. His own vision of integration lies in the use of the newspaper, a study of Europe and of democracy; he also, I think, mentions something about modern industry.

This reminds me of the blind man who plotted his way to town by



the direction of the wind. Nothing could be more symptomatic. Let us pray that it is not prophetic.

Only when men who teach anchor their minds in the rocks of Faith, only when searchers fix their sight on the great Unseen, only when finite living and learning find their goal in an Infinite God, only then can we speak of any kind of integration.

\* \* \* \*

It would be valuable to know how many Sisterhoods, intent upon the work of summer-school, would be interested in such subjects as Biblical history, creative writing in English, and in Church history taught by those who are equipped to know and explain.